

The Wou'd be BISHOP:

OR,

The Lying DEAN.

BEING A

DEFENCE

OF THE

CURATE of STEPNEY,

AGAINST

The Infamous Slanders of Dr. ~~K~~, the
(pretended) Vindicator of the CHURCH
of ENGLAND.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

*Thou hast loved to speak words, that may do hurt, O
thou false Tongue: Psalm 52. 5.*

An tibi Bifronti, JANE, sit Una Fides.

LONDON Printed: and Sold by the Book-
sellers of London and Westminster, 1709.

*Thomas an Antient Librarian
of the Church of St. Dunstons
London*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Vindicator* (Page 2.) lays it at the door of the Complainer, that he writes profoundly in the dark: This is true of the *Vindicator*; for tho' the *Vindication* is said to be Printed and Sold by J. Baker at the Black Boy in Pater-noster-row, yet it can be proved that the D— of P— deliver'd the Copy to the Bookseller, that lives at the Black Bull in Cornhill. This is Fact. And what hopes of Truth can we expect in the Book it Self, when the Front contains a notorious Falsity? Ex pede Herculem.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

I have just received from your friend, Mr. J. Baker, a copy of the *Vindicator*, which I have just perused. It is a very curious and interesting work, and I have no doubt, that it will be very generally read.

Yours truly, J. A. M. E. J. Baker.

Printed and Sold by J. Baker, at the Black Boy in Pater-noster-row, and by J. Baker, at the Black Bull in Cornhill.

S I R,

YOU tell me there's a Rumour spread about the Town, as if the Great, the Moderate, the Charitable, the Humble Dean of P— Dr. K—t, was Author of the Vindication against the Church of *England's* Complaint: I wish I could be sure of it for many Reasons. But let People say what they will, and think, as they please; I am certain, It can never enter into my Thoughts that he penned such an excellent Panegyrick on King *James* the II. that so honestly wrote the Lives of the *Charles's*, and *James's*; that preach'd so Loyal and Dutiful a Sermon on the 31st of *January* at *Aldgate*, and so good a one at *Poplar*, and one so contrary to it at *Westminster*, before the Honourable House of Commons: Three memorable Sermons, which I could wish were all Printed, and Bound up together with *Janus's* Phiz in the Front. But above all, that he does all his Duty at Three or Four Churches without the Help of a Thing, call'd a Reader, about which so much Paper is blotted; that he, I say, that is so exact in the Observation of the Rubricks and Canons of our Church; that he that takes so much pains, and makes such Courtship to the D— to be a Bishop; that he, that utterly abhors Non-Residence, and is so entirely for the Interest of the Lower House of Convocation, as appears from his Noble Performance against Dr. *Francis Atterbury*; I say, it cannot enter into my Thoughts, that so great a Man (tho' he had the Assistance and Help of his pious, studious, sober and worthy Father, the Non-Resident Mr. C—n, who is so fond, so loving, so indulgent, so tender a Husband) could ever be guilty of so silly, so idle, and

so incoherent a Pamphlet, as the Vindication is: But if it be the Workmanship of the Dean, as some say it is, and that the Dean is its true Author (for who can guess right, when he fights in the dark, as the Author does against the Complainer) to him, the wou'd be Bishop, I must address my self.

P. 114.
115.

The Author of the Vindication (whoever he be) with all his feeble Artillery, at the End of his pitiful Performance, makes a heavy splutter about the Clergy's Gowns with long Sleeves, and says in plain Words, that all that wear them are High Church-men, (as he himself, the now Dean, and wou'd be a Bishop, was once a flaming one:) If his Argument be cogent, and has any force in it, he has fairly cleared the *Curate of Stepney* from that Imputation; for he assures him, that he does not, nor never will oblige himself to wear that Habit. But after all, The *Curate of Stepney* glories in that Title of a High-flyer, and cannot for his heart (for he has taken a great deal of pains to be informed) see any harm in it; He's sure, such are the most conformable Sons of the Church of *England*: But those (such as the Dean, &c. that cringe and bow to a great One for Preferment, as he does; those that court Men to get their Ends (for Gain, some think, is the D—'s Godliness) the Author is willing should be called Moderate Men: He does not envy them that Title; for he is sure, that he shall never endeavour to rob them of it. He had rather continue in his State and Condition with a good Conscience, than to be a Dean, or a Bishop, with a bad one: He had rather live low with Justice, Honesty, and Religion, than to be great with Pride, Avarce, and Self-interest; and all that I wish Mr. Dean, and those of his Clan, is, that as they are mighty diligent and industrious to appear Great, so let them be assur'd, that like flaming Comets they will soon go out, and leave a stink behind them; and I beg of them, that they

they would be as careful, as to lay up in bank, a good Foundation against the time to come; that they wou'd bend their Interest to obtain the Heavenly Canaan, and not make the World believe, that 'tis good for them to be here, and so to build Tabernacles, as if they expected nothing beyond the Grave. But I shall leave these Men to consider (and God grant they may, before it is too late) that as St. Paul says, *We have no continuing City here, but we seek one to come*; and God grant us all Grace, that we may for ever be Inhabitants in that Glorious Place.

St. Paul, to his beloved *Philippians*, has these *Phil. 3. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.* words; *Brethren, be ye followers together of me, and mark them which walk so, as you have us for an example. (For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you, even weeping, that they are the Enemies of the Cross of Christ: Whose end is destruction, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things: (I wish Mr. Dean is not found in that number,) For our Conversation, that is our Citizenship, is in Heaven, from whence also we look for our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: Who shall change our vile Bodies, that they may be fashion'd like unto his glorious Body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.*

The last Verse is part of the Funeral Service of our Church, and with which the Curate of Stepney is well acquainted (better than the Dean, who, for all his Greatness, must come ere long to his beloved Earth — —) and he hopes to *Vind. p. 2.* reap the Benefit of it in another World; and he will not despair but that Mr. Dean may partake of it: It will be his own Fault if he does not. Open his Eyes, O Lord, that he may see the wondrous things of thy Law.

But to come to the Point, as far as relates to the Curate of Stepney: On Monday, May 9. this rare Performance of Mr. Dean's first saw the Light; and in the Evening I had it. The next Day

Dedicat.

day I fell to't Fasting, and the Fumes of which so infected me, that I was forc'd to take a Ride (indeed I did not borrow the Informer's Horse, the Dean's good Father) for the Advantage of fresh Air, and in my Return I waited on my Lord of *London* to bespeak his Lordship's Favour towards the Vicar and Curate; because you say, you'll apply your self to the Right Reverend Diocesan.

Dear Mr. Dean, be so kind to your self, as not to go to *Fulham*; I am sure, your Room is more desired than your Company; for my Lord takes no manner of delight in Men of your Kidney: But if you are resolved upon it, e'en go and try your Interest; for I assure you, you have free leave from the Curate of *Stepney*; who neither values the Dean, nor his Father, the Informer.

Midsummer Moon, Sir, is a coming; and I find it by the defect of your Intellect: The next time I take a walk in *Moorefields* amongst the old Authors, and the Doctors Labours, I'll e'en step in, and take up a Lodging for you and your Father (whose Head is too too often out of order by Nocturnal Lucubrations:) *Oliver's Apartment*, I hope, is vacant: It stands airy and pleasant, and is large enough to hold you both.

I think, Dear Mr. Dean, that you and your Informer, your famous Father, ought to be cut for the Simples, and to be severely lash'd for your outrageous Sin of Lying. Your Father, Brother, &c. pick up Materials against the Curate of *Stepney*, and you, Mr. Dean, are so silly as to write a Twelve-penny Book (twenty of which, I dare say, are not sold for 'twou'd be as mad a thing to buy it, as you to write it) against a sawcy, and as yet unanswerable Pamphlet (for let me tell you, Mr. Dean, yours will never pass for an Answer, as all Wise Men judge (*viz. The Church of England's Complaint, &c.* and then you palm it upon the Reader of *Stepney*. Yet you seem to doubt; for you have these words; *I am searching for a full and legal Proof of* the

the Writer, and when the Discovery is made evident Justice shall be done, or at least it shall not be my fault. O rare Mr. Dean! What prodigious Nonsense is this, first to accuse, then to doubt! When the Discovery is made, I pray order the Wooden Ruff to be gotten ready for the Reader, (tho' Dr. K—t deserves it for his 31st of January Sermon) with this Inscription, *Here stands a Sufferer* (I dare not say Martyr, for then Dr. Woodward, and Dr. Bray, will be affronted) for Monarchy and Episcopacy, whose Crime was the same with that of King Charles the Martyr.

But why, Mr. Dean, do you and your Father make all this Clutter against the Reader of *Stepney*? Why so zealous for his Silence, or Dismission? *Dedicat.* The World is desirous of a Reason; and it is this; The Curate of *Stepney* is for Monarchy, and Episcopacy, and defends both against all Dissenters and Moderate Church-men, which you and your Father love and defend. In the Year 1704, That Self-same Curate took notice of Mr. Calamy, the *Filius & Nepos Edmundi*, for his Insolence in writing the Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's Life; and in his Animadversions he laid such heavy Charges at Mr. Calamy's Door, that he has not to this Day made the least Reply, He does not doubt but that he stagger'd that young Champion of the Dissenters; yet he's true to his Grandfather's darling Principle, *viz.* That 'twas very sweet to be the Head of a Party. In the same Year came out the Second Part of the Animadversions against Mr. Calamy's unprinted Defence, which I suppose has put him to eternal Silence. In the same Year came out *Plain Dealing* against Mr. Bisset's mad Performance, call'd *Plain English*; an Author exactly of Mr. Dean's Kidney, this Difference only excepted, *viz.* That Mr. Bisset is a Convert, and resides on his Living, and Mr. Dean is for the comfortable and profitable Doctrine of * Non-Resistance. In the next Year came out Two Parts of Presbyterian Loyalty (of

* See the
Case of
Non Resi-
dence.

such a Loyalty Mr. *Dean* is a great Admirer) against Mr. *Palmer* the Presbyterian Preacher of *Southmark* : They were so mighty in their Operation, that he's about to drop the good *Old Cause*, of which Mr. *Dean* is so fond, and I hear is coming over to the Church : But I would advise him to stay where he is, or else to recant, renounce, and abjure all his Pestilent Doctrines and Assertions in his Vindication of the Dissenter's Behaviour towards Authority. In the Year 1706 was the First Part of *The Appeal of the Clergy to the Bishops of England*, wrote by the said Curate, at which our pretended Vindicator makes so great a Splutter in his Dedication : It was wrote against the Infamous Scribler, and Vile Defamer *Tutchin* ; and soon after he was drub'd into the other World : A fair Warning to the Vindicator : The Case of the Curate of *Stepney* was annex'd to it, and the Hot-pot Story was answer'd ; and Mr. *Dean* and his sober Father dare not assert it : If they should be so daring, I'll send them to the Second Appeal ; and upon good Proof of it, There's a Reward, (for both Father and Son love Money to the last degree) a good Treat, and a large Bottle of Wine at their Service ; and speaking of *Tutchin*. our Vindicator, drops it in these Words, *Who it seems had falsly said* —

Dedicat.

Mr. *Dean*, you and your Father, Non-Residents both, are much in the right to press the Vicar of *St* — to reprove his sawcy Curate, and to enjoin him Silence, or what is more easie, to dismiss him : Believe me — who can believe this lying Vindicator, if he does but read the 31st of *January* Sermon, and his other Labours ; The Vicar of *St* — I assure you, must have better Proofs before he dismisses him.

A little before our pretended Vindicator advises the Vicar of *St* — to lay a little more Business upon him, viz. the sawcy Curate, that continually writes Libels upon the Revolution — That's a Whisker, and Lying does not become one of your
Post

Post: Name but one that was wrote against the Revolution, and the Curate of *Stepney* will oblige himself to kiss your Toe: No Mr. *Dean*, and Old Dad, you are unreasonable; for that very Curate, that you can eat without Salt, has more Business on his Hands, than Forry Non-Residents, and yet he can find time to discover Dissenting, and Moderation Cheats, and refute the foul Calumnies of of Factious Writers: And as I was saying just now, you wou'd do very prudently to get him remov'd; for he has struck the Faction in the very Jugular; he's a Gourd in the Side of the good Old Cause, and a sharp Thorn that pricks the Men of Moderation to the very Heart. But I must hasten to the Year 1708, when the Second Appeal came out against the Scandalous Club; they led the poor Curate a heavy Life, because he was active (as he will be again) for the Relief of the Poor, persecuted and afflicted Scottish Clergy: I wonder, Mr. *Dean*, what you collected for them! They were at the Charge and Pains of setting up a New Observator (ten times duller than old *Tutchin*, who had sometimes Wit mingled with Malice; I wish Mr. *Dean* had not a hand in't) against that Collection, and the Curate of *Stepney's* Diligence: But all wou'd not do, they were forc'd to drop their foul and lying Paper, (like the Vindicator's Book.) † The Rosemary Doctor was scar'd out † You'll find the History of the Rosemary Branch in the Second Appeal, and the Doctor has not as yet, cleared himself of that Scandal.

of his Wits, and soon drop'd that most Charitable and and Christian Case; at last came out the Second Appeal, which struck the Party dumb, till this present Vindicator appear'd with his Jackal at his Heels; and now I come directly to downright Lies and Calumnies, (Characters that do not become a Dean) that he lays at the Door of the Curate of *Stepney*. I shall take no notice of the Author of the Church of England's Complaint, because Mr. *Dean*, the Vindicator, (a rare one indeed, that has lost his Oxford Principles) does say, That the following Sheets are not written as an

Dedicat.
Answer

Answer to him — Good Mr. Dean, why then was it wrote at all. I see Deans can write as well as his Father can Preach, to no manner of purpose. But to let that pass; besides, there's a better Reason behind, for that Tract, viz. The Complainer is unanswerable, as the World may judge by comparing; and I dare say, that Author (whoever he is, God bless him, and defend him from Men of Moderation) will submit to be judged by Men of Honesty and Learning. I wou'd advise that Author to let it shift for its self; for it stands unshaken against the raging and roaring of Moderation-Waves; and the Dean, Dad, and all the Party will ne'er be able to confute it, for it is founded on a Rock; that is, Truth, and it will stand, notwithstanding the vain and frivolous, foolish and silly Attempts of a pretended Vindicator of the Church of *England*: But the Curate of *Stepney* has this to say for himself.

In Page 6. the Vindicator, modest Mr. Dean, quotes Page 17. of the Church of *England's* Complaint (a rare Vindicator to begin at the wrong end, only to vent an enormous Lye, as will soon appear) concerning a Person that had a Place of Eight Pounds *per Annum*, (just the same Sallary with *Aldgate*, of which Mr. Dean was once of; and as such, he was neither Parson, Vicar, or Curate) and upon which Title four Persons were Ordain'd; and the fourth Person, Mr. Dean makes the Curate of *Stepney*: This is flagrant Moderation Veracity, as will soon appear: Who dares read the *Lives* of some of the *English* Kings, wrote by the Hand of Mr. Dean, when he's guilty of such notorious Falshood? For I'll assure him, that the Curate of *Stepney* was Ordain'd upon a better Title: He was then Fellow of a College; (and once was in better Circumstances than the Vindicator: and had he wrong'd his Conscience, and lost his Principles, he might now be as Rich a Man as Mr. Dean: But this by the by) and a Fellow
is

is as good a Title by the 30th Canon, as Mr. Dean knows. In the Year 1684, as appears by the Instrument, he was Ordain'd Deacon by *Thomas* Lord Bishop of *Lincoln*; and by the same Title, the next Year, he was Ordain'd Priest by the Right Honourable and Reverend Father in God *Henry* Lord Bishop of *London*: If the Vindicator, or his Dad, will please to come to the Curate of *Stepney*, he shall have a sight of the Instruments; but if his Dad comes, I'll Translate it, for 'tis wrote in Latin: If neither will come, (as I dare say they will not) Mr. Dean, or Dad, must saddle *Ball*, and go to *Bugden* and *Fulham*, and search the Registers: The Price of which Dad knows very well, even to Extortion. But enough of the first Whisker.

The Story of *Bunghill*, or *Bethlehem*, the Vindicator lays at the door of the Curate of *Stepney*; He (says Mr. Dean) *knew this to be false when he wrote it*—— Good Mr. Dean, I have told you already that that Book stands in no manner of need of a Defender: I'll freely venture Five Pounds to a Pipe of Tobacco, that all the Moderation Vindicators in *Great Britain* will never be able to prove, that the Epistle and Book were wrote by the same hand. Now if the Epistle was wrong, the Book was right; and why should the Brat of a Falshood be laid at the door of the Curate of *Stepney*? P. 21.

But to the Word Curate, hear Mr. Dean, the Vindicator; *It does not appear he's a Licens'd Curate* P. 9.
—— Good Mr. Dean, it will soon appear, and therefore I beseech your Greatness to go to Mr. *Alexander's* Office near *Doctors Commons*, and consult the Year of our Lord 1702, and you'll find his License, *Ad paragendum Officium Curati in Ecclesia Parochiali de Stepney*, and so on, as the Instrument runs. This 'tis, Mr. Dean, to write profoundly in the dark, as you word it Page 2. He's forward indeed that dares trust such a loose Vindicator. That's the third Whisker.

P. 20.

In Page 20. your description of a pert sawcy Fellow, that your Father told you of, was your own dear self, before you Married the *Barber's* Daughter, and do not lay it to the Charge of the Curate of *Stepney*. That's the fourth.

P. 32.

The Vindicator talking about the Ministration of Publick Baptism, has these Words: *That if it were absolutely Evil, the present worthy Bishop of London wou'd forbid it*——Mr. Dean, you know that my Lord has so done; and that he did so in the Convocation House of *St. Paul*, I appeal to his Lordship. But the next Page is directly upon the

P. 33.

Curate of *Stepney*; and if I do not prove it a notorious Falshood, not fit to come from the Mouth of a Dean (who wou'd be thought something, and so he is) I'll burn my Cap, or (else as *De Foe* did) be obliged to sing a Hymn in the Pillory. Let the Author (which Mr. Dean would have to be the Curate of *Stepney*) examine, *Whether the Report is not true, that he, viz. the Curate was once prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court for the clandestine way of Marrying, and that he was afterwards bound to be a Surrogate to take in Licenses*——Mr. Dean, The Curate of *Stepney* has examined that Report, and finds, that you and Dad are a profligate Pair, and ought to be Indicted for publick Retailers of Infamy and Lyes. You say, he was bound to be Surrogate after the Prosecution: That's as black a Lye, as e'er *Lucifer*, your grand Patron, spoke; and to the Truth of what I say, I appeal to Sir *John Cook*, Dean of the Arches, and to my very good Friend Mr. *Alexander*, Register to the good Bishop of *London*, my Honoured Lord. And to make the Thing blacker, if it could well be; That very Prosecution was grounded on a License from the Curate of *Stepney*, who also Married the Person to an *Ale-Drapers* Daughter: It may be your Fate Mr. Vindicator; and the Curate of *Stepney* was honourably discharged: If you will consult Sir *John Cook*, his Brother *Edward*, and Mr. *Alexander*;

ander; I never Married two or three Couple with one and the same License: Good Mr. Dean, ask Dad, and he'll inform you. That's the fourth Whisker, and a loud one too.

Proceed we farther. In the 62. Page the Vindicator's Head I perceive is out of Order; and 'tis a sign that Midsummer-Moon is drawing on; His Memory (if not something worse) fails him, and he repeats what he said before, viz. The Eight Pounds per Annum Title, and the Reader of Stepney's being Ordained upon it; of which I have spoken more than enough already: I shall not repeat, as Mr. Dean does in Print, and Dad in the Pulpit, to no manner of Purpose: Well Mr. Vindicator, I must, I see you go to *Moor-Fields*; for Moderate Diet, a Cool Room, Bleeding and Fresh Straw, will do the Heads of both a vast kindness. This in Charity to you. P. 62

At the 73. Page, He's at the Story of the Surrogate of Stepney again; of which before: Bless me, quoth I, the Vindicator raves, I must take Coach and away for *Bethlehem*. P. 73

In the 79th Page I find the Vindicator downright craz'd by the Company he keeps; *Noscitur a socio*, is an old Adage; A poor Man (why not a Quaker) indisposed in his Mind (as the Vindicator and Dad are sometimes) stood about the middle of Stepney Church, and began to utter somewhat, when the Preacher had done the Sermon, but had not given the Blessing: upon this the Reader leaps out of the Desk, seizes upon the crazy Man, the Vindicator's Brother, shakes him, and beat. him, and turns him out of the doors, and then convicts him of disturbing the Divine Service. The Plot thickens, and Falshood abound: The Man was a Quaker, and he was as mad, in the Church, as Mr. Dean and Dad are sometimes in the Pulpit; the 31st of January Sermon at *Aldgate* is a Proof it; and I could give many others of the latter; but one at present shall suffice; I mean, that memorable one, in which the Ministers of State P. 79

State were sorely reflected on, and for which Old Dad ought to be mounted, and elevated above his Brethren. I am told by one, that his Notes, where 'twas foisted in, look'd like a new Patch in an old Garment; or like his new Clause in his Prayer to please the *Wappineers*. But to go on. There are multitudes of Witnesses to prove, that the Curate never beat him, or turn'd him out of doors; He confesses he was one of those that convicted him, and so he will the Vindicator, or any other in those Circumstances. The Quaker since that had a Call for *France* to convert that King, and, I hear, is lately dead in Prison. That's the fifth and sixth Whisker.

P. 18.

In Page 18 Mr. Vindicator has these words; *A Reader of Stepney becoming guilty of this Crime, viz. Swearing and Cursing, was not punish'd for breach of Canon, but for breaking the Law of the Land; I think the Person, who in a just Abhorrence (that's another Whisker, Mr. Dean) inform'd against him was Mr. Cook, (as great a Rake as some body) and I know the Magistrate, before whom he was convicted was Mr. Justice Smith.* Now Mr. Dean 'tis my turn to tell the Story: The Curate of Stepney had a Daughter in Law, that was followed by *Cook*; his honest Father gave a meeting, but things wou'd not budge; upon which Mr. *Cook* promis'd before a substantial Witness (a Man of far better Credit than either Dean, or Dad) to forewarn his Son; yet he persisted, and once after was met by the Curate; 'Twas a mighty surprize to him, and some hasty words (but not those he swore to before *Justice Smith*) pass'd, and he was somewhat excusable for defending his Daughter against Thieves and Robbers (for such are all that marry young Women without their Parents Consent;) and because the Curate of Stepney put by Mr. *Cook*, he presently resolv'd a Revenge, and sometime after went to the *Globe* at *Mile-End*, and met *Justice Smith*, who was occasionally there: The Justice

and

and his Friend, used all Arguments imaginable to dissuade him, and told him, that was not the way to gain the Affections of the young Woman: But nothing wou'd do; and he wou'd inform, and so he indeed did: (Good Mr. Dean, where's the just Abhorrence, you were just now speaking of?) But no Conviction follow'd. That what I say is true, I appeal to the Justice, and to all the World, whether the Curate ought not to be forgiven a few hasty Words, when his Daughter was upon Ruin and Destruction? I am sure, all Sober and Rational Men will be on his side; and as for the Dean, Dad, and others, he neither minds nor values them.

And since, Mr. Dean, you tell of *Earth to Earth*, (a way that you have of Burlesquing our Funeral Sermon, and shews how hearty a Church-man you are, tho', I believe, you are rotten at the Core;) Give me leave to tell you a Story of Affes; There's a certain Gentlewoman, in a certain place, that has a separate Stock, and drives a good Trade in that Commodity; this Person lent her Husband Two Hundred Pounds, as 'tis reported; she some time after calls for her Money, but he refused to pay it; she press'd him, and threaten'd to tell Mr. *W——* Will you so, says he; *By the Eternal God I'll sacrifice you*; or words to that Effect. If you demand an Affidavit, it shall be done before Justice Smith: The Person, Mr. Dean, you know and the whole Story you ought to be appriz'd of; What Mr. Dean talks of Immorality, Profaneness, &c. I would have him apply to his Dad; for the Reader stands clear in the sight of God and Man; and he confesses, that he cannot drink his Pottle, as Mr. Dean knows who can, when he crosses the Water to——

And now you have done with the Curate of Stepney, and I have done with his Vindication; I shall leave the Performance to the Judgment of all

all unprejudic'd Persons I expect neither Favour
nor Affection. I have only one Proposal to make,
and so put an end to our present Trouble.

Since the Curate of Stepney, who wrote the
Appeals, is such an Eye-fore to our Sons of Mode-
ration, and a Heart breaking to their Good Old
Cause, he does assure the World, that he'll lay
down Armes, provided the Moderation men will
let Monarchy and Episcopacy alone. If not, he's
resolved to go on; for his Cause is Good, and does
not in the least doubt, but that God will bless his
just and lawful Undertakings to the Benefit of the
Church of England, and blast all the Designs of
calumniating Men. And now, Mr. Dean, you
know the mind of the Curate of Stepney, whom
God Defend from your Pride, Vain-glory, and
Hypocrisy, and from your Envy, Hatred, Malice,
and Uncharitableness; and the Curate of Stepney
will put up his Prayers to the Almighty (as your
Dad may hear, if he'll come soon enough) as he
does three times a Week. That it may please God
to forgive all his Enemies, Persecutors, and Slan-
derers, and to turn their Hearts.

N. B. The *fore said Pamphlets*, quoted here,
were Printed, and are to be Sold at King
Charles the Martyr's Head in St. Paul's
Church-Yard.

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